THE LOFTY BISH BROVVNIST, AND THE

I. The Bishop Sings.

7 Hat would yee lazie Brownists have, you rage and runne away; And cry us downe, our Church, and eke, the forme therein we pray.

Oh Monstres great! Abortive sonnes, your Mother to forfake; To Church you doe refraine to come, your prayers there to make.

You will admit no governement, in Church at all to stand, Without the which, would soone be seene, strange errors in the land.

You doe assume your selves to be more holy then all people, Therefore 'mongst all, you will not come, to pray in Church or steeple.

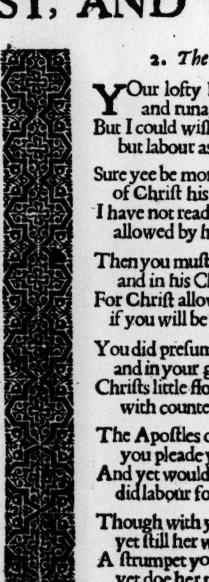
You'l speake us faire and soberly, you will protest in speech, With eyes, and hands eke lifted up: yet will us over-reach.

You doe prefume, you have no finne; and that you have the spirit, And though you cofen and deceive, you heaven shall inherit.

Oh, fieupon your idle life! how dare you zeale pretend, To loyter here, and there all day a practing life to spend.

What separatist in your Rout makes conscience of all sinnes, And in his calling paines doth take, lo soone as day beginnes.

in devolutions of the Astronomy



2. The Brownists

YOur lofty Lord-shipp t and runagadoes too, But I could wish you Bishop but labour as we doe.

Sure yee be monsters, for su of Christ his Church as y I have not read of in Gods allowed by him to be.

Then you must rather be or and in his Church impo For Christ allowes you Lor if you will be his Pastors.

You did presume, you were and in your glory firme, Christs little flocke to tyran with countenance full fto

The Apostles of our Savior you pleade you doe fucc And yet would starve those didlabour for to feede.

Though with your mouth, yet still her wayes you ta A strumpet you confesse s yet doe her not forlake.

How dare you, who appoir to Preach Gods holy wo Sit in pompe and prefume to in hand the temporall fw

Is any Pastor made a Lord, but soone's from preaching Yea though he laboured m this makes all be for faken

Printed Ann T

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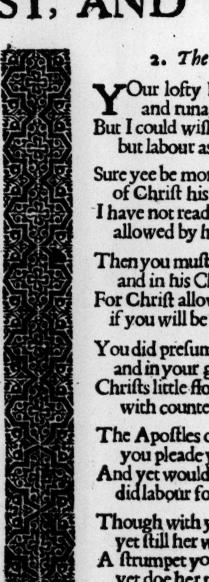
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HOP, THE LAZY, HE LOYALL AVTHOR.

pnists Sings.

shipp tearmes us lazie es too, Bishops would loe.

, for fuch members ch as yee, Gods word

er be out of Christ, h impostors, ou Lordships none; aftors.

ou were cocke fure, firme, o tyrannize e full steame.

Saviour Christ, oe succeede; re those soules, which they reede.

mouth, you Romedeny;
you take,
nfesse she is,
orsake.

appointed are only word; esume to beare orall sword.

a Lord, preaching taken; ured much before, orfaken.

Ann Dom. 1640.

3. The Author laments.

HEre's lazie Brownists, losty Bishops, and both accuse each other.

As runagadoes, Monsters eke; unto the Church their mother.

And yet were both bread up by her, and yet Church Monsters too;
The one doth quite forsake the Church, the other would her undoe.

But now the Parliament no doubt, these Monsters will destroy; Or else will set them such a forme, whereby the Church may joy.

The one in pride, the other in conceited puritie;

Doth trouble both the Church and State, fuch Monsters for to see.

Whilst one dissembles, th'other doth affirme vaine things for truth, Whilst one in pompe, his time doth wast the other it spends in sloth.

Whilst both doe wander from the way wherein the Church of God Directed is by him to walke, both other paths have trod.

The Brownists noses, want a Ring (to draw them with a Rope;)
The Prelates wings doe cutting needs, (least they fly to the Pope.)

That fo the one in Church may Preach Gods word, the other heare; That both may honour God, and eke his lawes may love, and feare.

SAK. OLL MINE